THE

HISTORY

OF

LITTLE FANNY,

EXEMPLIFIED IN A SERIES OF FIGURES.

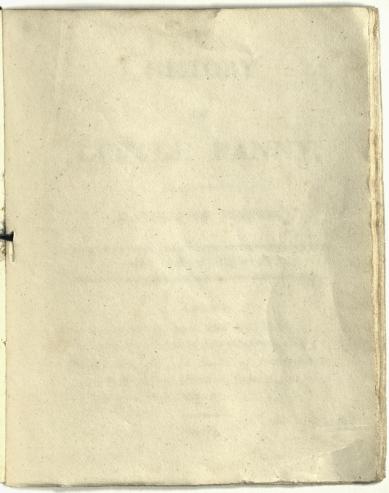
THE SIXTH EDITION.

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THE HISTORY

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Her whole appearance tidy, ciona and

LITTLE FANNY.

The only objective operand cares:

No. 1. Volgano

Fanny dressed in a white frock, and pink sash, with a doll in her arms.

See Fanny here, in frock as white as snow,

A sash of pink, with long and flowing bow,

Shoes that sit tight and closely to her feet,

Her whole appearance tidy, clean, and neat;

And in her arms a favorite doll she bears,

The only object of her hopes and cares; Fanny with books will ne'er her mind employ,

For play's her passion, idleness her joy.

See Enery here, in frock as white as

wind sash, with a doll to her arms.

A such of piols, with long and flowling

No. 2.

Fanny dressed in a great coat, muff, and bonnet, ready to go out.

With bonnet, coat, and muff, she next appears,

Fast beats her heart, betwixt her hopes and fears,

That in the Park, perhaps, Mamma would go,

And little Fanny all her finery shew;

But think of Fanny's grief; —Mamma says, No!

To keep you warm, my love, these things I've got,

The weather is, at present, still too hot;

Within your wardrobe they must safe lay by,

Ah! Fanny, sure I do not see you cry?

Much more than cry, for Fanny she

did pout,

And mutter'd something about going out.

No. 3. To alid warely

Fanny in a red cloak, with a hat in her hand, begging her bread.

Can this be Fanny, once so neat and clean? How chang'd her dress, how alter'd is her mien;

A dirty beggar girl before you stands, Craving a scanty morsel from your hands;

Turn not away, attend to pity's call;
But learn from this the evils that befall
Those who their mothers dare to disobey,

And venture, 'gainst her will, from home to stray:—

Away went Fanny with her wicked maid, Who no attention to her duty paid, But whilst the child went prattling by

her side,

Encouraged both her vanity and pride;

Meanwhile some things she much did wish to buy,

Bid Fanny stop, nor to the shop drawnigh,

She would return, their walk they'd then pursue—

Little did Fanny think how oft she'd

This fatal walk;—a beggar watch'd the child,

Her clothes so good, her face so fair and mild;

The little girl she tempted from the door, And poor lost Fanny could be seen no more.

A dirty beggar girl she's now become, Tatter'd and torn from house to house she'd roam;

But if by chance no pity she excites, In fear her days are past, in tears her nights.

Mot rose determin'd much alone to tell.

Fanny next appears an errand girl, with a basket of fish on her head.

Repentant Fanny sigh'd and cried in vain,

With vice she dwelt, which doubled all her pain;

For pardon, at the Throne of Mercy, fain she'd sue,

'Twas all the wretched Fanny ought to

Her prayers she call'd to mind,—till then forgot;—

Kneeling, confess'd the justice of her lot;-

But rose determin'd truth alone to tell, Nor whine out tales of woe which ne'er befell.

Her simple story soon compassion moved,

But those who once have erred must long be proved.

A generous dame from beggary set her free,

An errand girl our Fanny now you see, With apron blue and scales in trembling hand,

Fanny cries "fish to sell," at your command.

No. 5.

Fanny now carries milk and eggs to market, instead of fish, as a neater and cleaner employ.

Fanny's now seen with milk upon her head,

Eager she feels to gain her daily bread, Oft thinks of home, and of her mother dear,

And down her cheeks descends the trembling tear;

Had she but known her mother's watchful eye

Follow'd her close, and was for ever nigh,

Longing once more her daughter to embrace,

Hang on her neck, and kiss her smiling

Whilst prudence still withheld maternal love,

Till longer trial Fanny's virtue prove.

On thinks of home, and of her mother center center that the down her certs descends the

Eacer she feels to gain her daily bread.

Follow'd day close and was for ever

Holder erediom red aword use of a LoTI

Foor Fanny on . 3 . o Mens sat down and Fanny has now a basket of butter under her cloak, and is sent, unknown to herself, to her mother's house.

With butter fresh into a neighbouring street,

With sure directions where to bend her feet,

The little Fanny is one morning sent With heavy load, but lightly on she The child restored to its m, men love.

Till she the well-known house descried; Alas! I cannot enter there, she cried: My mother sure will spurn me from her door.

Perhaps she'll say, "I'll see her face no more!"

Poor Fanny on the steps sat down and cried,

And with her apron blue her eyes she dried;

But the fond mother soon her pain reliev'd,

And in her longing arms her child receiv'd;

Both on their knees they thank'd that Power above,

The child restored to its mother's love.

No mother sure will spurn me from her door, Perhaps shoul cars, "I'll see her face no

more !**

Till the the well-known house descried ;

No. 7.

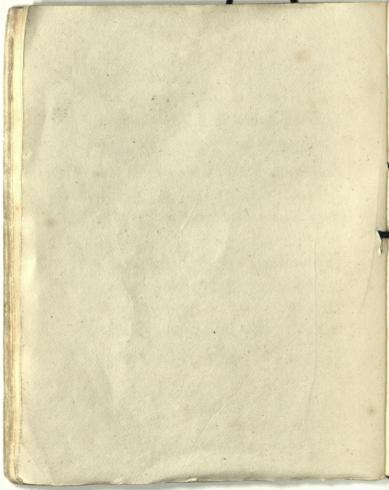
Fanny restored to her former station, modestly dressed in a coloured frock, with a book in her hand.

Once more the little Fanny you must see,

Since she's return'd to what she ought to be;

She's now no longer idle, proud, or vain, Eager her own opinion to maintain; But pious, modest, diligent, and mild, Belov'd by all, a good and happy child.

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